

## Not So Fast

Paris has its Place de l'Etoile; Duxbury has Hall's Corner. As at the Arc de Triomphe, vehicles whirl around our own revered landmark, the flagpole, and it is every *homme* for himself.

The structure at Hall's Corner is a roundabout meant to slow traffic; drivers, however, insist it is a rotary and use it to give themselves a little burst of momentum. They give nary a glance to see who's already in the roundabout, they simply careen in, with the notion there's always room for more. Then traffic gets jammed. One driver waves to another to go ahead, the second

driver hesitates; the first is rankled that his magnanimous gesture is snubbed, guns it, whereupon the second realizes

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he has almost squandered a pearl of great price. He guns it, too. Then they both brake and neither progresses more than a yard. Drivers coming down Chestnut Street take unfair advantage of their missing stop sign and don't even pretend they have to halt like the Bay Road hoi-polo.

So far, Hall's Corner is an innocuous – and from a window seat at Dunkin' Donuts, wildly entertaining – spot, but it's only a matter of time before an innocent pedestrian gets caught between battling bumpers.

There's the Rt. 14 roundabout: drivers who don't feel like stopping – don't. They keep their eyes forward as if they don't see they aren't the only ones on the road.

Another Shangri-la for speeders is the turn from Depot Street onto South Station. That's the corner where the *Clipper* office sits, so we witness reckless drivers all the time. It must be the width of South Station at that spot, because drivers can't help themselves; they squeal around the corner with hardly a tap on the brake pedal. During the school year children wait for the bus at that corner, and that's frightening.

The infamous Chestnut St. / Tobey Garden / Tremont intersection needs no introduction. Nor does the notorious off-ramp at exit 10, where tragedy strikes with chilling regularity.

Indeed, Tremont Street is packed with speeders, rendering it dangerous to get onto it from almost any side street. At Alden, just when a driver thinks the coast is clear for turning left onto Tremont, a car comes flying down the road, and sometimes you're already halfway across.

Trying to turn left off Surplus onto Washington would teach Job a lesson in patience.

Believe it or not, we've experienced a conversion concerning sidewalks. When we saw a bicycling father and daughter take a tumble right into traffic on 3A, we wondered if it could have been avoided with sidewalks.

Thank goodness the little girl was wearing a helmet, and oncoming cars swerved.

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*"Once around the flagpole, boys!"*